Vice-President, and it was then Ohio's turn to present the name of McKinley.

When the Buckeye State was called Mr. Hanna and his friends jumped upon their seats, and they were quickly followed by all the Ohio men in the Convention and by the audience, who swung American flags. This outburst lasted exactly one minute.

OUT GO THE BOLTERS.

There were more cheers and hisses, and Teller and Cannon turned to Thurston and Foraker, shook hands and then walked down from the platform, and, with the delegates loyal to them, all walked out of the Convention. Of course, there was a scene when this occurred. Senator Teller walked slowly, and seemed to be very much distressed, while Senator Cannon at his side was brisk and determined. The delegates and the audience on the floor and in the galleries were on their feet shrieking and yelling, and the band struck up "Red, White, and Blue." It was a brisk scene as long as it lasted, but even this event was not sufficient to arouse the soggy temperament of the Convention. Senator Mantle and his friend, Senator Tom Carter of the Montana delegation, smiled as they rested in their seats while their silver brethren from other States walked out. Chairman Thurston seemed to be more pleased at the scene than anything else, for when quiet came he announced in a blithe way: "There seems to be enough delegates left in the Convention, and the Chairman now begs the attention of the Convention for a delegate from Montana who did not go out."

Senator Mantle was standing on a chair waiting to speak, and the fact that he had not walked out of the Convention was so cheerfully regarded that many of the delegates shouted at him that he should take the platform. He brushed their requests aside and then announced that while the Montana delegation, or that part of which is friendly to Mantle and Carter, did not walk out of the Convention, nevertheless those who remained believe that the money plank adopted was unjust and unfair to the Republican voters of the silver States. He had not got very far in this strain before Dave Henderson of Iowa raised a point of order and evidently wished to choke off Mantle, but at the suggestion of his friends Mr. Henderson withdrew his point of order and Mantle went on to protest, as he said, earnestly and solemnly against the money plank of this Convention.

Senator Brown of Utah then declared that the Republicans of his State believed in the protection doctrine of their party, and that while they expressed their sorrow over the departure of their brethren, they nevertheless believed in the liberty-giving propensities of the Republican party. They believed that time would right the wrongs which had been perpetrated to-day, and time would eventually determine the justice and the right of free silver coinage at 16 to 1. "Until that time," concluded Senator Brown, "we will work together for the great cause of Americanism and protection."

A. F. Burleigh, delegate at large for Washington, made a short and snappy speech backing up the gold money plank of the Convention.

The names of the members of the National Committee were then announced. It was observed that the Maine delegation did not decide to throw over Joseph H. Manley. The majority of these delegates believed that Mr. Manley committed more of a blunder than a crime when he came out last week with those statements which so thoroughly discouraged the workers and the shouters for the Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed.

CHEERS FOR FORAKER.

Foraker got a rattling volley of cheers. He spoke up in glowing terms of Mr. McKinley, and he went on to say that Mr. McKinley is just the man the people want. He said he was something besides a great statesman, a great Republican, and a brave leader. From that moment it was observed that Mr. Hanna had not forgotten the smallest detail of his Convention. To say that the cheers that followed the name of McKinley was an expression of spontaneous enthusiasm would be very far from the truth. There did not seem to be solidity about the applause. It was like a volley of musketry at first. It died away and rattled on. It was taken up in one part of the Convention hall and dropped, and then went on in another part of the hall far distant from the original source. Finally Mr. Hanna got upon his chair and lifted his hand, just as a conductor of an orchestra would tell his subordinates that the time had come to make music. Mr. Hanna had a fan in his left hand and a white handkerchief in his right, and with these he beat time until the delegates were all on their feet and cheering in unison, at least those delegates friendly to the nomination of McKinley. The galleries took up the applause. It was a hit and a miss sort of enthusiasm, with no staying qualities in it, and which had to be reënforced by methods not hitherto seen in a Republican National Convention. The band up in the gallery was instructed to boom out and help things along, and it cheerfully acquiesced. It played "Marching Through Georgia," the tune which was so repulsive to Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman in the later years of his life, and it served to bring out additional applause.

Meantime, Mr. Hanna was growing very enthusiastic himself. There were two beautiful women on the platform, and in his ecstacy he threw kisses at them just as he probably did thirty years ago, when he was courting Mrs. Hanna. All were glad to see this evidence of gallantry in the man who has been called here the Iron Master and whose methods have been severely criticised because they have apparently involved on his part no consideration whatever for the feelings of others. Hats were thrown up and canes were swung and small American flags were waved, and the sporadic cheering lasted for ten minutes.

HANNA LEADS THE M'KINLEY APPLAUSE.

One of the funniest sights of the Convention then occurred. Mr. Hanna was still upon his chair, and he again raised his fan and his handkerchief and brought them down, which instructed the delegates and others to sit down. All during the affair Mr. Hanna conducted it as if the delegates were his official orchestra and he was the conductor to move them to music and to silence them, just as he thought best. But another burst of cheers far off in the gallery brought Mr. Hanna again to his feet, and this time he waved his hand up at the band in the gallery, and it played the "Star-spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Maryland, My Maryland." The audience joining in with the aid of the band, the cheers were kept up fifteen minutes longer. There were constant breaks in the cheers, however. Those who wish to speak impartially about the result of this Convention are unanimous in their conclusions that Mr. Hanna deserved the greatest possible credit for the way in which he led on the delegates and the friends of McKinley to rattle along the applause for him.

During the scene a fat, chumpy-looking fellow walked into the Convention and stood upon a desk devoted to the newspaper men. He quickly pulled from beneath his coat a Napoleon hat, with gilt ribbons and red, white, and blue streamers. He plumped this upon his head and began to walk across the desks in the direction of Chairman Thurston's platform. All eyes were upon him in an instant. He was smooth shaven and had a big nose, and for a second everybody believed that he was William McKinler himself. Anyhow there was not much respectful consideration to him, as the delegates and newspaper men and all hands fired tobacco stumps and paper balls and half-eaten sandwiches at him, and made his march over the Alpian desks a mighty unpleasant experience. Well, he got safely upon the Chairman's platform and announced himself to be Col. William L. Distin of Quincy, Ill., and that he belonged to the Seventeenth Iowa Regiment. His appearance in the Convention, dressed as William McKinley, with that Napoleon hat, and his exact counterfeit presentment of McKinley, were considered a spectacle worthy of a circus show.

As soon as the applause for McKinley had died away, Mr. Foraker completed his speech, and instantly there were roars all over the hall for "Hanna! Hanna! Hanna!" The delegates wanted to see the man who had brought about the nomination of McKinley, and they wanted a speech from him. Senator Thurston, however, quickly put a stop to that, when in his clarion tones he stepped upon the platform and announced that he was there to second the nomination of McKinley, which he did in a vigorous speech.

GREAT APPLAUSE FOR QUAY.

The roll call of the States was continued after Thurston's speech, and when Pennsylvania was reached Gov. Hastings of that State made his way to the platform. There were shouts of "Quay" in all parts of the big hall. And when at the end or near the end of his fifteen-minute speech Gov. Hastings named Matthew Stanley Quay, there was a repetition of the scene that had followed the mention of McKinley's name by Gov. Foraker, but there was this difference: The enthusiasm was all of it genuine. Quay's name brought the Pennsylvania delegation, with the exception of Chris Magee and Dave Martin, to the floor and then to the chairs. It took about a minute for the audience to get into full swing. When they did the roof was very nearly raised. The Pennsylvania men threw their hats in the air and waved plumes and handkerchiefs and coats. The galleries were a big white sea. It looked as if half the people up there had their handkerchiefs out giving the Senator a Chautauqua salute. This continued for five minutes, and then Chairman Thurston attempted to stop it by thumping holes in the table with his gavel, but every thump renewed the enthusiasm, and he stopped trying. The cry of "Quay, Quay, M. S. Quay," was started in one of the galleries, and in a moment at least a third of the people in the big building was shouting in unison and stamping their feet. Meantime, the Pennsylvania delegation were on their chairs, screaming and yelling at the top of their lungs. Another five minutes passed and there was a little sign of returning quiet and Chairman Thurston again began thumping, but, as before, the noise he made was quickly drowned in the renewed cheering of the crowd. The cry of "Quay, Quay, M. S. Quay," and "Quay, Quay. We want Quay," was taken up again, and for five minutes the building shook with the stamping in time with the words. Some of Senator Quay's enthusiastic friends shouted that the Convention was getting away from Hanna, and thus encouraged the shouters renewed their vigor. It was exactly seventeen minutes when Chairman Thurston succeeded in restoring order and the Pennsylvanians took their seats.

M'KINLEY WINS.

There was so much Quay enthusiasm that possibly Mr. Hanna thought it best to stir up matters for McKinley again before he had his Convention take a vote. At all events, J. Madison Vance, a fiery young colored man from Louisiana, was trotted out and made a five minutes' speech for "the Napoleon of American politics, sah." His speech was the last of the nominating speeches. There is little more to be told about the nomination itself. The vote was called for by voices from everywhere, and it was as follows: McKinley, 661½; Morton, 58; Reed, 84½; Allison, 35½; Quay, 61½; Cameron, 1.

When New York was reached Senator Platt announced her vote as 17 for McKinley and 54 for Morton. Senator John Raines challenged the vote, with the idea, presumably, to put the anti-Morton men on record by name.

The seventeen who voted for McKinley were Joseph H. Nevins of Riverhead, alternate for Walter L. Sullivan of Blue Point; Theodore B. Willis of Brooklyn and George H. Roberts, his companion in the Second district delegation; in the Third district, Walter B. Atterbury; in the Fifth district, E. J. Kaltenbach; in the Twelfth district, Cornelius N. Bliss and S. V. R. Cruzer, who cast the one vote between them; in the Thirteenth C. H. T. Collis and Robert J. Wright; William H. Robertson of Katonah and his associate, John G. Peene of Yonkers, representing the Sixteenth district; Thomas W. Bradley of Walden, Seventeenth district; Albert Story of Little Falls, Twenty-fifth district, and George E. Matthews, Wesley C. Dudley, N. V. V. Franchot, and Lester F. Stearns, representing the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth districts.

The roll call did not change the result as announced by Senator Platt. A moment after it was completed John F. Parkhurst of Bath, who had been absent when the voting began, came in and cast his vote for Gov. Morton, making Morton's vote 55 to 17 for McKinley.

It was the vote of Ohio that nominated Major McKinley. He had 431 when North Dakota had cast her vote, the 46 votes of Ohio brought his total to 467½, and only 461 was necessary for a choice.

As Ohio cast her votes Richard C. Kerens, the man who superintended the McKinley rooters, stationed in the gallery, waved his flag, and the applause for the Canton man was renewed. This time there was an air of genuineness about it that had been lacking before.

It was exactly 5:45 when the nomination was made, and the cheering only lasted four to five minutes. But for all that cannons were booming outside before it had stopped. The Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland led in the demonstration, followed by a Cleveland brass band. The band had entered the hall by one of the side entrances, prepared to do business when the time should come, and it started off with "See the conquering hero comes." After quiet was restored there was no interruption until the completion of the roll call and the announcement by the Chairman that Major McKinley had 661½ votes. He announced at the same time that he would recognize one man from the States which had presented the four leading candidates of the opposition for the purpose of enabling them to move that the nomination of Major McKinley be made unanimous, and he recognized Senator Lodge of Massachusetts first. The Senator stood on his chair and in a brief speech told of the loyalty of New England to Thomas B. Reed, and assured the Convention that that loyalty was now transferred to Major McKinley. He was followed by Gov. Hastings, who assured him of the loyalty of Pennsylvania.

As the Governor sat down Dr. Depew stood up in his chair and was about to speak for New York. There were shouts of "Depew, Depew, Depew," and shouts for "Platt, Platt, Platt." At the very first shout Senator Platt stood up in his chair, and the Convention was in an uproar. It was on the programme to recognize Platt. When he had a chance to speak he said in a voice that could be heard in every part of the hall:

"On behalf of the delegates of the State of New York I wish to second the motion to make William McKinley's nomination unanimous, and I pledge to him the loyal support of the Republican organization of the State of New York."

And then the cheering was renewed. It was followed by cries for Depew, and the Doctor got up and made a speech. Gen. Dave Henderson of Iowa made the third seconding speech, and the crowd began to shout for Hanna.

They called and they kept yelling for some time, and finally the Cleveland manager climbed upon his seat and, steadied on either side by a delegate, he looked around grinning and bowing. It was several minutes before he could make himself heard. He tried to quiet the crowd by waving his hands.

Finally Chairman Thurston succeeded in restoring order, and Mr. Hanna said that the victory of Major McKinley was a victory won by the people. "I had little or nothing to do with it," he said, "and I am now prepared to get into the ranks and work with the plain soldiers from now until the close of the polls in November next." Mr. Hanna grinned again and was assisted down from the chair, while the crowd whooped it up for him.

HOBART FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

The motion to make the nomination unanimous was put and carried, and most of the crowd thought that the Convention would adjourn for supper, as they call dinner here, but Senator Lodge got the eye of the Chairman, and moved that the Convention proceed to nominate a candidate for Vice-President, and that the nominating speeches should not last more than five minutes each. The roll call was begun immediately. The Hon. Samuel Fessenden put Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut in nomination.

There was no other nomination until New Jersey was reached. Senator Sewell announced that New Jersey had a candidate. There were cries of Hobart, and Chairman Thurston, thinking that the New Jersey Senator had named Hobart, announced that New Jersey had presented her favorite son just at the moment that J. Frank Fort of Newark was climbing upon the platform to make a speech for him, and the crowd laughed.

Mr. Fort's speech was the longest of any of the Vice-Presidential nominating speeches. He was followed by J. Otis Humphrey of Springfield, who seconded the nomination of Mr. Hobart.

Gov. Lippitt's name was presented by Samuel W. K. Allen of Rhode Island. W. M. Randolph of Memphis, Tenn., nominated H. Clay Evans, and his nomination was seconded by ex-Congressman Robert M. Lafollette of Wisconsin. Virginia presented the name of James A. Walker with a red-hot speech about the Republican party's duty to get to work below the Mason and Dixon line. West Virginia also seconded the nomination of Hobart.

It was 7 o'clock when the calling of the roll was begun, and it resulted in the nomination of Mr. Hobart, who received 533½ votes.

PLATT MEN RATIFY HERE.

Not a Bit of the "Great Excitement" Hanna Had in St. Louis.

Practically no enthusiasm was evoked in this city by the announcement of the nomination of McKinley and Hobart. It was just a minute or two before 6:30 o'clock last evening, local time, that the news of McKinley's nomination was pasted on the newspaper bulletins in Printing House Square. At that time Park row is always congested, and a feeble cheer was raised when the success of the Ohio man was announced. Ten college undergraduates would have made ten times as much noise over a play in a football game. One bulletin man was disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm, and chalked up the statement that the Convention was cheering itself hoarse. He added this request: "Now, all cheer!" and the crowd responded with a laugh. A lurid portrait of the candidate hoisted by the *Tribune* was equally impotent to produce a cheer.

The news had been discounted too long to disturb anybody's emotional centres. Never have there been fewer Republicans and men of note in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel on such an occasion than were there last night. There was a good deal of hedging on the part of Republican organizations to be the first to ratify the action of the Convention and swing McKinley banners to the breeze.

The Platt men knew that the original McKinley men would try to be the first to get out their banners, and they were determined to outdo them. The first banner to be put out was raised by the Republican Club of the Ninth Assembly district at 253 Eighth avenue. This is the club presided over by National Committeeman Frederick S. Gibbs, and Sidaway Commissioner Hamilton got it up at 6:25, eight minutes after the nomination was announced. It was five minutes later when the flags which veiled the McKinley transparency in front of the Midland Republican State Club in East Twenty-second street were removed. The two or three Milholland men who were left in the city were terribly wrought up because John had not left them a stock of day fireworks to let off, and they had to wait two hours before their rockets, and fire, and roman candles would make any show. They forgot to light up their transparency, and after the red fire was exhausted Twenty-second street was again in darkness, and McKinley's portrait were out of sight.

It had been the intention to hold a ratification meeting at the State Club, but all the Milholland orators were in St. Louis. Secretary Carl received the following telegram from Mr. Milholland:

Bound the tocsin! McKinley wins and Morton retires. Platt is the worst beaten man in American politics. We go to Canton.

The Platt men had the best of the Milholland-Bliss original McKinley men in the matter of ratification meetings too. It seems that there were enough Platt men left behind to ratify, and the other fellows all went to St. Louis.

Platt ratification meetings were held in the Twenty-sixth district under the direction of Jastrow Alexander, in the Twenty-fifth at the instance of Amasa Thornton, in the Thirty-first by the Stalwart Republican Club, of which Alfred R. Page is President, and by the Lincoln Club in the Fifth Assembly district, where ex-Postmaster Van Cott is the leader.

The Fifth district Republicans put up a McKinley and Hobart transparency and organized a McKinley and Hobart campaign club, with Robert A. Corregan, a Platt man, for President. Mr. Page's stalwarts adopted this resolution after ratifying the nominations:

Resolved, That we congratulate the New York delegation to the National Convention, under the able leadership of the Hon. Thomas C. Platt, upon its successful efforts to secure the adoption of a platform commending the party unequivocally to the maintenance of the gold standard.

The Platt men in the Twenty-ninth Assembly district also held a ratification meeting at 45 East Fifty-ninth street.

The anti-Platt men of the Thirty-first Assembly district, represented in the Central Republican Club, had a parade.

The free-silver members of the United States Senate sub-committee which is investigating the bond issues talked about the action of the St. Louis Convention. Senator Stewart wagged his silver whiskers at the Hoffman House and said:

"I am glad that the Republicans have seen fit to adopt a platform in favor of the gold standard. Both political parties have been lying about the financial question for twenty years, and it is refreshing to have one of them come out of the bush and show just where it stands. If the Democrats adopt a free-silver platform and nominate a free-silver candidate at Chicago, as I hope they will, the silver men will get together and support the Democracy's ticket, and that ticket will surely win. McKinley will not carry even Ohio on a gold platform. About the only Western State he can carry is Wisconsin."

Senator Stewart, when asked what the silver men would do if the Chicago Convention should declare for gold, said:

"There will be a third ticket, and the Democrats will be third in the race."

Senator Harris of Tennessee said:

"I hope and expect that the Chicago Convention will declare for free silver. In that case we will elect our candidate."

MAYOR WURSTER ELATED.

Remarkable Change in His Views Since the Legislature Adjourned.

When the Legislature was in session and the fate of the many Brooklyn bills was pending, Mayor Wurster was an uncompromising advocate of the nomination of Gov. Morton for President, and again and again spoke of the gratification it would give him to vote for him. Even after his election as a delegate he announced his continued allegiance to the Morton standard. On the eve of the Convention, however, he became suddenly indisposed and sent Mr. J. P. Milliken to St. Louis as his alternate. During the Convention Mr. Milliken did the bidding of Mark Hanna from beginning to end, and every vote he gave was in support of the Ohio programme.

Mayor Wurster was elated last evening when he learned of McKinley's nomination on the first ballot. "It is by all odds," he said, "the strongest nomination that could have been made. I am glad Major McKinley was chosen."

Mayor Wurster, as one of the Commissioners for the Greater New York, has been invited to the banquet at Ellerslie by Gov. Morton tonight. His health has been so far restored since the departure of his alternate for St. Louis that he has been able to resume his official duties, but some of his friends thought last night that it was not yet in condition for a trip to Ellerslie.

Men are born
with two eyes
but with one tongue
in order that they
should see
twice as much as they say.
That's why the writer's
descriptive qualification
often fails when he
sees the real merit
and values of the clothes
he is going to talk about.
Why don't you drop in to-day
at either of our three stores
and get one of those cool, natty looking serge sack suits at $7.50
A pair of russet shoes at $2.95,
a sennet straw at 95c.,
and you're a summer man.

Brill Brothers
Outfitters to Men.
THREE STORES { 279 Broadway, Near Chambers. 47 Cortlandt, Near Greenwich. 211 Sixth Ave., Near 14th Street.
Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

THE CONVENTION VOLCANO.

IT BURST, BUT NOT UNTIL JOVE-LIKE HANNA NODDED.

For Two Days Enthusiasm Had Been Suppressed to Suit the Iron Boss's Plans—Kept Down on the Third Day Until It Was Suited to the Mechanically Arranged Details—A Whirlwind of Noise at McKinley's Name—The Pathos of Teller's Exit—The Speeches and the Shouts.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—The closing scenes in the Convention hall were chiefly remarkable for the results produced when the cork was finally allowed to pop which had so long restrained the excitement and enthusiasm of spectators and delegates. That furnished the most remarkable immediate result, the result which for the hour engaged the eye and the ear. Not only during the two previous days of the Convention, but during the previous week, the natives and visitors have felt that they were being robbed of something inherent to all national political conventions, and they had grown restless that in this one the new political methods invented by the Iron Boss robbed the occasion of any opportunities of enthusiasm until the moment he had selected arrived.

Much must have been forgiven Mr. Hanna when that opportunity did arrive, for he had devised more aids to nurse and expand the excitement than were ever dreamed of in any prior Convention, national or otherwise. It was theatric to a very large degree, but it was also in an equal degree an exhibition of genuine frenzy. It was manufactured, if you please, to begin with, but there were many times during the twenty-five minutes of excitement and noise and confusion which followed the naming of Mr. McKinley by Mr. Foraker when those in the hall who were paid to contribute pretended enthusiasm could rest and refresh themselves, and yet the demonstration was kept up.

It was manufactured, artificial, simulated, or whatever you like, but it was enthusiasm, nevertheless. You have seen a crowded theatre when the audience cheered with genuine excitement and enthusiasm over a pretended deed of great daring done by a paid mummer on the stage. The fact that the mummer was paid did not prove that all who cheered in the audience were not enjoying the sensation of honestly felt enthusiasm.

There were times to-day when 15,000 persons—probably, for the hall was outrageously overcrowded—joined in singing patriotic songs. That was moving, intensely moving, though you knew that the band which had started the tune had done so at the signal of a man on the floor, and that the glee clubs which started the singing were engaged for no other purpose. Yet, when 15,000 persons joined in the song and there was at work upon the emotions of the crowd the double influence, each tremendous, of the strains of a patriotic song and the great volume of human voice, it was moving. Mr. Hanna deserves recognition as a skilled and artful manufacturer of enthusiasm.

SECEDERS APPLY THE LASH.

Historically the great events of the day were the nomination of McKinley for the Presidency and the secession from their party, under highly dramatic circumstances, of a number of men of national importance and high leadership as Republicans. Leaving aside entirely the possible effect and meaning of the last-mentioned event, it was tremendously important in appearances and in the method of its accomplishment; and there were some elements of the tragic in it. It is equally true that there were some elements of the ridiculous; there sat hundreds of the leaders of the Republican party listening to a scathing arraignment for what their censors called perfidy to the principles of their party. This they stood as long as they could, and then cried quits. But the seceders were terribly in earnest, had the courage of their convictions, and kept on applying the lash until the Chairman of the Convention interposed to stop the punishment.

It was understood by all that the work of the Convention would be completed to-day, and this had the result of exhausting the ticket speculators' stock in trade. It was desirable that the hall should be filled as to its seating capacity, but the anxiety to witness scenes which, it was confidently anticipated, would be exciting, caused a speculation in badges, which secured admission to an extent that disgracefully crowded parts of the hall, and so filled up the aisles between the correspondents' section and the telegraph offices that the newspaper men had frequently to call on the police before they could get their messengers to and from the telegraph operators.

The crowd was on hand early and gave an attentive listening to the review of the report of the Committee on Resolutions. Gov. Foraker read this report with a full sense of making his points, as the players say. Of course, the crowd gave a great reception to the financial plank, and the delegates themselves, many of them, jumped to their feet and cheered for the expressed allegiance to gold. Subsequent events seemed to suggest that the cheers were more of defiance to the seceders than of loyalty to sound money. The reading was finished shortly after 11 o'clock, and then Mr. Foraker moved the adoption of the report.

TELLER TO THE FRONT.

"Are you ready for the question?" asked the Chairman, but there was absolute silence, for the delegates saw the tall form of Senator Teller moving from the rear of the platform to the front, and they understood that the drama of secession was about to be played. The Convention Hall was more hushed at that moment than at any other time. Yet what Mr. Teller had to say to the Chairman, he told in such a low voice that the Chairman repeated it, for no one else could hear. The Chairman explained that there was a minority report, and it was read by the Secretary as elsewhere published in these despatches.

Then Mr. Teller stood facing the silent, hostile throng before him, himself silent for some time. His face was careworn and deeply lined and painfully pale. When he spoke it was with deep feeling, tears frequently ran down his face, and there was no question of pretence. He was an old, stern man, deeply moved; a striking picture for the mind as well as the eye, and for the former picture the high light was furnished by the thought that the man who stood there telling why he felt compelled to secede from the Republican party had helped to place Abraham Lincoln in nomination for his first term, and had been an active and important member of the party for forty years.

He started with an audience cold and hostile, but his earnestness, and perhaps the pathos of his position in the minds of some, gained him first sympathy and next applause. Before he spoke of his own labors in and on behalf of the party he was about to leave he said, in a broken voice:

"I must beg your indulgence if I seem to transcend the proprieties in saying something personal to myself."

From that point he gained sympathy so rapidly, largely probably from among the spectators, that the Chairman twice arose to suppress cheers for the old man, which were too long continued. The delegates themselves were losing patience, and there were cries of "Go, go, go." After a time this impatience extended to the fickle multitude. They had heard him as long as they wanted; they were anxious to see the spectacle of the walking out, not presumably that they approved of or rejoiced in that action, but "if it must be, why let's see it." It is the kind of entertainment one finds at a fire which is destroying some one else's house. You sympathize with the owner, but congratulate yourself that you happen to be in the neighborhood at the time of the fire.

Mr. Teller concluded by expressing the hope that the Republican party would so alter its views about silver that he would "ultimately have the pleasure of addressing you again." Then he made a low, stately bow to the Chairman and retired up the platform, while the spectators cheered loudly. The motion to table the minority report was carried, of course, overwhelmingly. This was by roll call, and there was a second roll call on the separate adoption of the financial plank, and then the whole platform was adopted.

CANNON READS THE ADDRESS.

Now was seen a high curiosity on all sides. In what form would the seceders leave the Convention Hall? It was to be the last act of an exciting drama. Again Senator Teller walked to the front of the platform, and made a low-spoken request to the Chairman. It was explained that consent was asked that Senator Cannon of Utah be allowed to read an address signed by the secessionists.

This was unlooked for. Many delegates were seen to consult their neighbors. There were suspicions that a surprise of an unpleasant nature might be sprung upon them. The state of the case required that the Chairman should say, "Is there any objection?" Mr. Thurston, however, did not do this. There would surely have been an objection made, and that would have precipitated a row. He only said quickly: "In the absence of objection the gentleman will proceed."

Thereupon an active-looking, strongly built man of under middle age, one of the two first Senators of the new State of Utah, Mr. Cannon, stepped to the front of the platform. He was pale, distressingly pale, by comparison with his black hair and moustache, and spoke at first with evidence of great agitation. There were cries of "Louder" and much confusion, and the Chairman said, "I ask respectful hearing and fect ence." Soon the voice of the speaker rose and a little later was ringing out in fiery denunciation of the upholders of sound money. He became highly dramatic in his tone and manner when he explained "at the parting of the ways we cling to the faith; let the name go where it will."

Theatric? Yes, highly so. So was the effect. The gallery so cheered the speaker, moved as the spectators were more by the manner than the matter, that the delegates who were being arraigned, became restless and resentful, and their determined cries of "Time," "time," were heard. The Chairman succeeded in restoring order, but there was a storm of angry hisses when a little later the speaker exclaimed:

"The Republican party was once the redeemer of the people, but now is about to become their oppressors."

The storm of hisses from the pit was met and overthrown by a cyclone of cheers from the galleries. Delegates shouted: "Throw him out!" "Good-by!" "Leave to print!" Confusion continued until the speaker read the signers of the declaration, during which each name was received with cheers and hisses. When Mr. Cannon finished, Senator Teller stepped forward, and Pandemonium reigned. In a row in the centre and at the front of the platform stood Mr. Foraker and Senators Thurston, Cannon, and Teller. The latter spoke to Senator Cannon, and then, his face wet with tears, stepped in front of the Chairman and shook hands with Foraker, and next he extended his hand to Chairman Thurston, bidding, so to say, official farewell to the party he had served forty years. He slowly retired, and his action was repeated by Senator Cannon. The two town went down into the pit, where they were joined by the other seceders, and the party slowly walked out from the hall.

They walked between walls of delegates standing on chairs, hissing and shaking their fists; all was in an uproar, when the strains of music by the band were faintly heard over the turmoil. Moved by a common impulse, to hear what tune the band might be playing, to hear if it would offer some point to the demonstration, the cheering, hissing, shouting, screaming by the thousands suddenly ceased, and then, when they caught the tune, "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," they sang with the music.

It was from this scene and this sound that the seceders walked out from the building. From the moment Teller and Cannon had left the platform, and during all that followed, Foraker and Thurston stood posed at the front of the platform, their hands clasped; something more than a suspicion of theatrics about this, too.

When by heroic efforts the Chairman had restored something approaching order it was seen that another Senator, Mantle, he of Montana, was standing on a chair and shouting for recognition. He obtained it, and he also proceeded to lecture the delegates in a way they did not fancy, but which the spectators liked so well that they shouted down a man who attempted to interrupt. Yet another Senator was to be heard from concerning the event, and a young man, not yet a Senator, but who hopes to be, talked about it and managed to ring in the name of McKinley, which resulted in a disappointment, as the name did not arouse enthusiasm at that time. The official cork puller was not yet ready.

Some one else wanted to talk on the secession, but, to the delight of the spectators, the Chairman heeded the loud cries for "regular order of business," and announced that the Secretary would call the roll of States for nominations for President. This was received with cheers.

NOMINATIONS BEGIN.

Iowa was the first State to respond, and sent to the platform a perfect type of the natural orator, a man with full, loose lips and such warmth of expression and resounding terms that he was cheered for his oratory rather than for his candidate, Allison.

The next State to respond was Maine, and the name alone brought a quick, loud cheer from the spectators. That State sent to the platform a borrowed orator, Henry Cabot Lodge. He is a scholarly looking, confident, and youthful Senator. He is the owner of an extensive vocabulary and makes excellent selections from it, but in a naturally harsh voice, which was husky with much recent use. He lacks that quality we have decided to characterize as magnetism, and much of his construction seems "caviare to the general." He performed his duty and placed Reed in nomination, whereupon a young woman on the platform jumped upon a chair and waved a Reed banner. This ominously proved badly fastened to its staff and fluttered to the floor, whereupon the young woman retired discomfited. A Reed banner was lowered from the gallery, too, but the vocal response fell sadly short of anticipation. A tall Maine statesman seconded Reed's nomination, and he spoke in such a scholarly manner that it was humiliating to hear his well chosen words interrupted with cries of "time." This interruption was not the worst offence committed during his speech, for while he still held the platform and was talking earnestly in support of his candidate, the pit was invaded by a score of men bringing in the first consignment of the tools with which the McKinley excitement was to be promoted. These consisted of long bundles of dyed pampas grass, and the work of distribution went noisily on during the latter half of the Maine man's speech.

The third State to respond was New York, which had no need to borrow oratory, for her own Chauncey Depew was on hand; on top, so to say. His advance to the platform created so much enthusiasm that some heedless owners of pampas grass waved their supply a oft, and were thereupon quickly and severely put down by the foreman of the Iron boss. Mr. Depew's effort will be best remembered by an unhappy lapse of the tongue it contained. He was using the familiar method of juggling with great names to stir the hearts of the listeners during which he spoke of "that apostle of reciprocity, that gallant leader of men, that magnetic debater, that white-plumed knight, James G. Garfield."

The lapse was called to his attention, and the New Yorker was as nearly confused as he ever was on his feet when he interrupted himself to say: "I mean James G. Blaine."

Mr. Depew jollied the Ohioans a little. He noticeably winked at Mr. Hanna when he said: "We have more Ohio men in New York than there are in Columbus; these men are the survival of the fittest; they work out of their surroundings and come to New York. Even their United States Senators come there to live sometimes."

Mr. Depew received plenty of applause when he talked in this wise, but he failed in his effort to work up any enthusiasm for his candidate, Levi P. Morton.

THE NAMING OF M'KINLEY.

At last came Ohio. The name of the State was cheered, and Mr. Foraker was cheered as he went to the platform. He worked up very well to the name. It was expected; it was longed for. Every one knew that with its utterance the cork would pop from the Hanna brand of bottled enthusiasm, and it did.

"William McKinley," shouted the speaker at the end of a carefully prepared sentence, and —"wow!" Many may claim the honor of giving the first yell, but this correspondent happens to know exactly who it was. It was a lusty-lunged, red-faced Clevelander, who had wedged himself in by the side of the correspondent's chair, and stood there perspiring while waiting for his cue. He was one of a half thousand, seemingly, who had been passed into the building on the strength of wearing a sergeant-at-arms badge, and he knew his business. He was perhaps only a tenth of a second ahead, but that he won the honor by a short nose—a red and turned up nose, by the way—there can be no dispute. All the McKinley delegates jumped to their feet, waved banners, flags, handkerchiefs, fans, and pampas grass, and they yelled. All of the spectators were on their feet—at first only the sympathizers yelling, but soon infection had done its work and the whole crowd was cheering.

For two minutes Mr. Hanna was the sole McKinley man who remained seated, silent and apparently calm. At the two-minute limit he arose and slowly waved a handkerchief, surveying the scene with satisfaction. In four and one-half minutes a tremendous banner was brought in and quickly raised by halliards and a staff, which were in readiness, up against the balcony opposite the platform.

This put steam into the performance and carried it along at a fairly good pressure until the sixth minute, when a band was signalled and started playing "Marching Through Georgia." This carried the cheers along until the seventh minute, when a glee club was signalled and started singing the same music. The tenors were, of course, hard at work, but the glee club suited most of the spectators, and in another minute a great majority of the crowd had joined in the chorus.

On the ninth minute the band and the glee clubs moved along a number on the programme and started playing "Rally round the flag." This was very effective. The entire audience took up the great slow swing of the march and sang it so inspiringly that the shouters had a rest for some time.

At ten minutes the music and singing was changed to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." At the same time, between each of the supporting posts of the gallery, conspicuously dressed women began waving flags, keeping time with the music. When the singing ceased the shouters started up again, and being aided now by a well-placed corps of young men with tin horns, the confusion was carried along so satisfactorily that Mr. Hanna sat down and consulted over some despatches with Mr. Grosvenor.

At fifteen minutes the band played "The Star-spangled Banner." This is always a difficult song for an untrained company to sing and proved somewhat of a failure, the singing being confined almost entirely to the clubs. The singing was better, to be sure, but not nearly so inspiring as when all the spectators were joined in the chorus.

At sixteen minutes the band changed tunes again, but the tin-horn brigade was overdoing its part, and the spectators could not make out what the band was playing. This well nigh caused the manufacturer to shut down. Although the mill was well equipped, admirably so in fact, it could not run without raw material. From the seventeenth to the twenty-fifth minute the paid shouters and tin-horn brigade had the shop almost to themselves.

HANNA GETS TIME TO SIT DOWN.

The people were having too much fun, however, to come to order. They were pelting each other with paper, laughing, joking, and talking, and noisily discussing the process by which the enthusiasm had been manufactured and the enjoyment of its success. At 30 minutes the band and glee clubs repeated "The Red, White, and Blue," and effected almost a complete reëstablishment of the musical disorder.

This lasted in varying degrees until the twenty-fourth minute. At that time a man who looks something like McKinley donned the kind of hat which the caricaturists draw on McKinley is illustrated in comic papers. He started at one end of one section of the correspondents' seats and walked over the seats to the platform. He was so well made up, as the McKinley of *Puck* that he was recognized at once and, to show the state of mind in which McKinley men were, it is only necessary to say that the clown was rapturously applauded. At twenty-five minutes the band and the glee clubs tried to restore order, and a minute later Mr. Foraker had resumed his speech. The people did not care for any more, however; it was like introducing weak lemonade to a company which had been revelling in champagne, nor was there a repetition of the scene while the Convention lasted.

APPLAUSE FOR QUAY.

The greatest amount of enthusiasm, and apparently more genuine enthusiasm than was displayed in the manufactured scene, took place when Quay was placed in nomination.

The whole Vice-Presidential affair was somewhat stupid and tiresome, and was relieved from being wholly so only by the enthusiasm of the Tennesseans for their candidate. They know how to yell, those Southerners, and one vote for Evans produced as much frantic vocal exercise as had ten for McKinley.

The delegates and the spectators both liked it that New York and Pennsylvania voted solidly for the successful Jerseyman, Hobart. As is usually the case, however, the principal nomination having been made, the secondary one was a sore trial to the patience of the hungry and tired delegates.

What added to the dreariness of the interior of the hall was the fact that outside the cannons were heard to roar, the bands to play, and marching organizations were heard in an endless tramp and cheering about the streets.

To-night, well, it is after the ball is over, so far as the delegates are concerned. They are hurrying from town in crowds and by every train. Their absence, however, has had no appreciable effect upon the noise of the street and hotel crowds.

Some one is supplying the wherewithal for a great deal of stimulated enthusiasm. Mr. Hanna is a merry man to-night, and he has doubtless given orders that his mirth should be shared by as many who may care for the privilege.

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